



Blackberries

by Sarah Hill

They hang fat, like hot, dark rubies,
taunting the hungry gatherer, surprised
at the softness of the collapsing glob of fruit.
There are always three or four that hide,
black-red and sweet, in the middle of the patch,
waiting, swaying half-seen in the thick of the patch,
where the briars finger a leg and sink in
through boot and jean for a solid grip.

The best looking berries fall to juice in the hand.
The stain sinks blood deep and doesn't wipe off.
The vines have fallen asleep with locked fists
and the whitening sun begins to nibble
on unsuspecting shoulders.